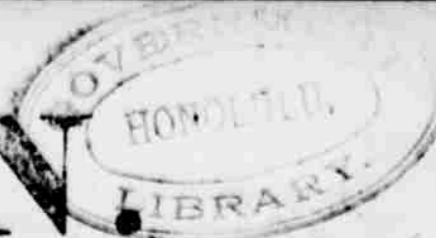


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JARVES, Editor.

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POETRY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.
THE POWER OF DEATH.

Inevitable death!
When thou wilt in thy terrific power,
Con'st unbidden—in unlooked-for hour—
And all whose life is breath,
Approach—the myriads of the sea,
Earth and air—submissive bow to thee.

All climes confess thy reign—
Tribes and people, civilized and rude,
In scene, in peaceful solitude,
And on the bounding main,
Sink 'neath thy dominion firm and fast,
Unremembered generations passed.

O'er all thou rul'st elate—
Earthquake, avalanche, and lava form,
Famine, pestilence and storm,
And cup mebrate;
In cruel revenge, and bigot zeal,
Thou madly hain'st the pie, or bare'st the steel.

When war awakes in wrath,
Thou ridest furious on the arrow's wing,
And sabre's edge—thou rushest with the sling,
And tread'st the charger's path;
When carnage fires, in silent state alone
Thou brood'st unseen, to hear the wounded groan.

I've passed through pleasant vales,
And sweet, sequestered groves, where smiling peace
And sturdy labor with a rich increase—
There, thy recorded tales,
Tell, that the rustic in his humble field,
Thou strik'st as sure as warrior on the field.

The mightiest of the brave—
At whose great bidding nations bend the knee—
Must, at thy summons, yield his life to thee,
Obedient as a slave,
Kings, priests, and sages, like the unlettered clown
Who turns the sod, shall to the grave go down.

Look, where the pious throng
In holy aisle for worship congregate;
And where the independent crowd debate
A real or fancied wrong;
Or look, where judges sit, and statesmen stand,—
Thou hoverest near, with dart uplifted hand.

Gaze on the father's face,
When wife and child, on gather round the hearth;
While he instructs, she, partial, guides their mirth—
How happy is the place!
Yet, in the moment of his pride or prayer,
Thou com'st unseen, and strik'st the dearest there.

Around my humble hearth,
A loving wife and prattling children smile,
Whose winning ways my weary cares beguile
With unrestricted mirth.
Destroyer Death! thy visit there delay—
O spare the loved, till some far future day!

But soon the feeble hand
That vainly pens this ineffectual lay,
Shall passive sink beneath thy awful sway,
And join the spectre band.
Then, Heaven, on thee the father will rely,
To shield his orphans, and their wants supply!

Thou, who from pole to pole
Sustain'st with wondrous skill earth's mighty round,
And guid'st through space, hast Death in limits bound—
And the immortal soul—
The precious gift—he only comes to free,
But dares not touch—it soars unharmed to Thee.

When dawns the day of doom
At the dread trumpet's sound, and sun and skies,
Dissolve, the good and guilty shall arise
To judgment from the tomb!
Then, to the King of Kings thou shalt restore
Thy sceptre, Deity, and reign on earth no more!

SELECTED.

LAUGHABLE STORY.

The following is a laughable account of the misfortunes which befel an American gentleman upon a visit to a lady in Paris, to whom he bore letters of introduction. After relating a number of ludicrous and amusing mistakes upon his entrance in the presence of the lady, he thus proceeds:

The ordinary routine of a French dinner commenced. A regular series of servants appeared each instant at our elbows, offering us to partake of a thousand different kinds of wine, under a string of names I no more understood than I understood their composition, or they did their cherries. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my present trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying *oui* to every thing that was said to me, and eating with the most diligent application, till my fair neighbor with herself began a conversation, by saying how I was pleased with the opportunity I was just raising a large morsel of

potato to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! it was as hot as burning lava. What could I do! The lady's eyes were fixed upon me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in a flame. I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which I had involuntarily fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with an expression of amazement and surprise at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"Monsieur is ill?" at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired. I could bear no more. My mouth was flaying with intolerable pain; so quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to the utmost, and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to risibility ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly consoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till exerting the magic influence true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join in the conversation without fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of the action I attempted, and I even ventured to hope, nay to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no man call himself happy before death," said Solon, and he said wisely. The Ides of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of *chou-fleur*, I verily believed it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it that my plate was bountifully laden with it. Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel the illusion. Would to heaven the *chou-fleur* had vanished with it. But that remained bodily, and as I gazed despondingly upon the huge mass that loomed almost as large and burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, struggled manfully on against the mountainous heap at its base—shutting my eyes and opening my mouth to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even expelling that which had already gained an unwelcome admission.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite could not have inspired, when my plate having got somewhat over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mess into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under in its turn, and a great portion of it landed safely in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself as I raised my person, and as I glanced my eye round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily dis-

posed of. Resolved not to be detected I instantly rolled my handkerchief together, with its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liquors were served round. Meantime I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining room, for I dare not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown in a morsel of paper to hide the cauliflower, should any one chance in seeking for his own hat to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off," she ejaculated in a terrified voice.

I was always afraid of spiders, so to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my pocket handkerchief from my pocket and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower which was now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady, while little streamlets of soft butter glided gently down her neck and bosom.

"Mon dieu! Mon dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair.

"Mon dieu!" was re-echoed from every person's mouth.

"Have you cut your hand?" inquired one.

"No! no! the spider—monsieur is killing the spider."

"What a quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished. The spray of the execrable vegetable had splattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket, but its contents remained.

"What a monster must it have been," observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation, "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower."

At that moment I felt some one touch me; and turning I saw my companion who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance, the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft past like vegetable, which had bedaubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if it were actually dissolving my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat, but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Sa-r! bete! sac-r-e!" the *r* in the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the doors. Suddenly there was a pause; a gurgling sound, as one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat

and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained; we had exchanged hats; and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustachios, and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arm drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter from every part.

I staid no longer, but retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a "fiacre," and arrived safely home, heartily resolving, that to my latest hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

The following is an extract from the "Crayon Papers," by WASHINGTON IRVING, in the June number of the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE CHARMING LETORIERES.

"A good face is a letter of recommendation," says an old proverb, and it was never more verified than in the case of the Chevalier Letorieres of Paris. He was a young gentleman of good family, but who, according to the Spanish phrase, had nothing but his cloak and sword. (*capa y espada*) that is to say, his gentle blood and gallant bearing, to help him forward in the world. Through the interest of an uncle, who was an abbe, he received a gratuitous education at a fashionable college, but finding the terms of study too long, and the vacations too short, for his gay and indolent temper, he left college without saying a word, and launched himself upon Paris, with a light heart and still lighter pocket. Here he led a life to his humor. It is true, he had to make scanty meals, and to lodge in a garret; but what was that? He was his own master, free from all task or restraint. When cold or hungry, he sallied forth, like others of the chameleon order, and banquetted on pure air and warm sunshine in the public walks and gardens, drove off the thoughts of dinner by amusing himself with the gay and grotesque throngs of the metropolis, and if one of the poorest, was one of the merriest gentlemen upon town. Wherever he went, his good looks, and frank, graceful demeanor, had an instant and magical effect in securing favor. There was but one word to express his fascinating powers, he was "charming."

Instances are given of the effect of his winning qualities upon minds of coarse, ordinary mould. He had once taken shelter from a heavy shower under a gateway. A hackney coachman, who was passing by, pulled up and asked him if he wished a cast in his carriage. Letorieres declined, with a melancholy and dubious shake of the head. The coachman regarded him wistfully, repeated his solicitations, and wished to know what place he was going to. To the palace of Justice, to walk in the galleries; but I will wait here until the rain is over.

"And why so?" inquired the coachman, pertinaciously.

"Because I've no money; do let me be quiet."

The coachman jumped down, and opening the door of his carriage, "It shall never be said," cried he, "that I left so charming a young gentleman to weary himself and catch cold, merely for the sake of twenty-four sous."

Arrived at the Palace of Justice, he stopped before the Saloon of a famous restaurateur, opened the door of the carriage, and taking off his hat very respect-